Library

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLVIII OCTOBER, 1939 No. 4

OCTOBER

October with a lavish hand now spills
Her wine of flame and gold upon the hills.
It splashes on the slopes, and blends into
Rich coloring of almost every hue.
Deep red and russet, orange, yellow, jade,
Grape-blue and green and brown of every shade,
And in the valley hang, like filmy mist,
Her veils of opal, blue and amethyst,
Rose-gray and violet, until it seems
All earth is drowsy with the wine of dreams.
I think that somewhere up around the Throne
God's cup of glory must have overflown.
—*James Courtney Challis.*

A WORLD OF COMPROMISES

WHAT I have called a world of compromises is in reality a world of alternatives and consequent human choosings. We can do this—or that. This sounds definite: but it is seldom as definite as it seems. We would like to go beyond "this" and have our own way completely. The "that" which presents itself as a possibility, is hedged in, so that we can claim only a part of what we wish and shall surely run upon defeat if we insist on pressing toward the bitter end. In other phrase, we do the best we can; the utmost which the conditions allow; and accept these middle-way results, remembering that, after all, we are no more than men, with the strict limitations of humanity. In diplomacy these compromisings are nearly always the rule. One nation wants what the other nation feels it must not grant; and the diplomatists argue and haggle and settle upon a treaty which their employers accept at last because it brings them something; though not by any means the whole which they desire.

But what about compromise in the field of conduct, where the individual sits as judge of what it can and must not do? In this realm we speak of conscience, sitting as arbiter and telling us what is right and what is wrong. How much will conscience yield; and how much must conscience be coerced to serve convenience in the planning of decisions? Many of us are compromisers here to an extent which perhaps we hardly realize. It is so easy to follow the fashion; to go with the crowd where it is going! We call these yielders time-servers, and the very name reminds us that our conscience, if it holds its authority, is linked up with eternity. There are compromises which, as citizens of the eternal life, we do not dare to make. In that sad catalogue which the Apocalypse gives us of those who are left outside the Heavenly City, last in the list comes "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Neither the loving nor the deliberate invention of falsehood seems consistent with the righteous character or happy destiny of man. Here one ought to write and set up for his sign, "No compromise with truth!"

Even in a world of compromises there must be for each of us a limit which we are not in any circumstances willing to pass. Dean Inge raised that point in the course of his sermon on retiring from his office in the English Church not long ago. "Have you ever asked yourself," he said, "what are the things that I would rather die than do?" It is a question which we are sometimes forced to answer in a hurry. The soldier can make no compromise with his enlistment oath. The Christian martyrs of the early days

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preferred death rather than to offer incense to the heathen gods. It was their glory to bear witness and be martyred and go home. In like conditions, what would be the answer of the majority of Christians of today? Would they regard their active participation in worship of idols as a quite justified compromise? And is the promise of Christ to take them to himself as vivid as it evidently was to Stephen and Perpetua and the whole army of martyrs?

The question of compromise becomes difficult in many practical relations. Take the question of speaking the truth. You cannot always speak "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" to everyone who comes. We are sometimes entrusted with knowledge which we cannot freely share without betraying confidence. We cannot submit to cross-examination from the interested or the merely curious. Here again we must learn to distinguish sharply the line that marks off things which we would rather die than do, from the territory where compromise is possible. You cannot explain everything to a child—to take a recurring example—you must find a middle ground which will explain in part and not mislead the growing mind.

We have to compromise continually with our own forthreaching desires. The world is not a place where we can have our way completely nor all at once. It is a place where we must both control and educate our wishes to conform to the facts which confront us and to the highest ideals of conduct which we have learned or formed. And this is one of the reasons why religion is made up of loyalties, rather than compulsions and why joy is found in duties, rather than in satisfied desires. We are stewards, we must not compromise the rights of those who trust us. Most of all, as representatives of our Father in Heaven "it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

—Isaac Ogden Rankin *in Boston Transcript.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRODIGAL

By John A. McMillan

THE difference between the departing and the returning prodigal is described for us in two words. And betwixt these two "there is a great gulf fixed."

Our Lord Jesus Christ gives us a deep insight into human personality by relating the story of the prodigal. The change in the prodigal's character is revealed by the words of Luke 15:12, 18, 19. The first is "Father, *give* me," and the second is "Father, . . . *make* me."

Here is provided a simple test by which you and I may ascertain our true relationship to our heavenly Father. Do you come to Him with a never-ceasing demand for this or that? Or do you come to Him with a burdened heart seeking sanctification, forgiveness, a change of heart?

There is the story of a husband who complained that his wife suffered from the "gimmies." He explained, "She is always saying, 'Gimme this or that.'" Well, many discontented Christians could be accused of that disease.

It is not without reason that the Scriptures so often exhort us to be thankful in connection with our prayer life. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with *thanksgiving* let your requests be made known unto God." Philippians 4:6. Such prayers move God not only to "give us" but to "make us."

It is interesting and instructive to note that the Lord's prayer does not begin with requests for our needs, but with supplications for the changing of

human hearts and lives, to "make us" after "God's own heart."

There was a little boy who transcribed the petition "Hallowed be Thy name" into "Hallowed be Thine aim." Would it be too much to say that he had really caught the true spirit of the prayer? If our aim be hallowed, then God can safely entrust us with "all these things: . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Matthew 6:32.

The Lord is concerned for our temporal well-being, but He is much more concerned for our spiritual achievement and development. And in the story of the prodigal, the boy was already departing in heart when he presented that preemptory demand, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."

On the other hand, just as soon as the prodigal "came to himself," his plea was "Father, . . . make me as one of thy hired servants." "He was yet a great way off," but his heart was speeding back over the distance he had traveled, and "his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

So will the heavenly Father act when the prodigal returns with that humble supplication, "Father, . . . make me." As in the story's sequel, the Lord will "do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." Ephesians 3:20. Therefore "turn unto the Lord your God: for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness." Joel 2:13.

Le us trust in His goodness.

—*Signs of the Times.*

"NO LOVELINESS IS EVER LOST"

"No loveliness is ever lost,
No dream is ever dreamed in vain;
Whatever comes of grief or pain,
However life's long trails are crossed—
The ancient ecstasies return,
The old winds walk again,
The old stars burn."

—*Nancy Byrd Turner.*

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SMILE

THE invariable reply of any Chinese to a request, an order, a command, is "Can do." If he wants to soothe or comfort you in trouble or perplexity, he says "Maskee," which is the equivalent of the English "Never mind." "Can do" and "maskee" are the hardest-worked words in pidgin English, taking their place with the French *alors*, the American "okay" and the Ethiopian "ishi naga"—literally, "Yes, tomorrow." But the Chinese exposes a philosophy of life with these two pidgin English phrases, for he will try anything (and generally succeed at it through sheer perseverance) and he does not trouble himself unduly over things which cannot be helped. He's no spilled milk weeper.

Foreign visitors, acquiring a glib acquaintance with China on a day's stopover of a world cruise, are charmed by this "cute talk." Thereafter, they operate under the delusion that all Chinese are congenitally unable to understand anything else and, trying it out on Oxford- and Harvard-educated Chinese, have had classic results. The Chinese has a rare humor and subtle, even mordant, wit. Nor is he above using this wit in his inimitable way to slap down gently, as with a fan, patronizing and ignorant whites.

Yet, while there are many dialects in China, and a Pootung man rarely understands his Shanghai brother, though their homes are opposite towns on the Whangpoo, there is a language in which all China is facile—the language of the smile.

No matter how ragged, hungry, miserable and lowly a coolie may be, he can smile. The "barbarians" with the white skins and strange ways who have come into China in such numbers, are a never-ending source of curiosity, wonder and entertainment to the Chinese. But their smiles are good-humored, even indulgent, as though they . . . can afford to smile on the precocious infants of the strange, mechanized civilization of the West.

—*From "Assigned to Adventure," by* IRENE KUHN.

CORRESPONDENCE AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*
56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information:

Your name, age and address (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); names and ages of your children; or, if you are not married, names and ages of your brothers and sisters; name and address of your minister.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice must be sent to the Chairman of this Department.

CORRESPONDENCE

The following would like to be adopted into our membership:

31. Arkansas. A woman fifty-eight years old "in pretty bad circumstances, and I get awfully blue at times. If someone would write me interesting letters, it would help a lot." Five children are married, and a boy of nineteen is at home.

32. Virginia. "A special correspondence with some lady friend would certainly be appreciated" by a thirty-one year old mother of eight children ranging from eight months to twelve years.

33. Tennessee. A twenty-three year old mother of three children, aged six, four and one, will try her best to write interesting letters. "We don't have a radio or even take a daily paper. I could tell some interesting things about lovely hills."

34. North Carolina. A twenty-eight year old mother of three boys, eight, five, and three months old, doesn't "have a father or mother, and it seems like I am the saddest person in the world sometimes. We live way out here in the country and don't see many people."

35. Arkansas. "We live twenty-five miles from town in a very rough country, and a letter would cheer me." So writes a thirty year old mother who has children aged ten and seven.

36. North Carolina. A mother of four children who are eleven, seven, six, and three years old.

37. Tennessee. A twenty-two year old mother of two children, a boy of three and a girl of nine months, "lives far from town and is deprived of many necessities of life and things for pastime. A cheerful letter from someone would mean so much."

38. Texas. "I am a girl nearly twelve years old and in the sixth grade. My mother has been writing to the *Cheerful Letter*. Since I can't remember either of my grandparents, could you please get me a friend who would let me call her grandmother?"

APPEALS

Has any chairman any of the following articles: quilt pieces, rug material, salt or sugar bags, toys, school material, reading matter, embroidery thread, religious papers or Sunday School material, and things of like nature? If so, will you not send to the chairman of this department a list of what you have, so that as many appeals as possible may be answered before the busy fall and winter seasons begin.

How many chairmen would like to have a certain number of appeals assigned to them each month? We must all realize that if a person needs ma-

terial with which to finish what she has started to make, it is better to send her the necessary articles at once, than to cause delay by a lengthy process of publishing her letters. We want to keep our files cleared up to date as far as possible.

DO YOU WANT A CORRESPONDENT?

In our files are many names of those who have applied for membership. These names have have not been published. Why? Because we do not know how old the people are who have applied, nor how old their children are, or whether they are boys or girls. We do not know the names in the family. We do not know whether the fathers are living or not. Some people do not tell us whether they want a correspondent or some quilt material. So how can we publish their letters? If any one of you has written to this department, and has not seen your letter mentioned in this Magazine, why do you not write again and give us all the information we need? We are anxious to correspond with you if we know about you and your family.

HOME STUDY

Perhaps you do not really want to spend time in studying at home, but would like to find someone who would help you to write a more interesting letter, or who, in a very friendly way, would help you to understand better the rules of spelling and the best way of expressing what you want to say. Perhaps we could help you. Why not ask us?

Perhaps you would like to read some interesting book and discuss it by letter with one of our members. Does the book make you see the country it describes? Do the men and women in it act naturally? Did someone make a mistake that changed the whole story? Would the story have ended differently if someone had made a different decision in some important matter? Would your boys and girls be better men and women if they were to follow the example of someone in the book? Perhaps we could find someone who would discuss the book with you. Why not ask us?

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The Brookline (First Parish) branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, Sherborn, Mass.

THE MAKING OF FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,
If each every man looked after himself and good things all went to the strong,
If nobody cared just a little for you and nobody thought about me,
And we stood all alone to the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be!
If there were no such thing as a flag in the sky as a symbol of comradeship here.
If we lived as the animals live in the woods, with nothing held sacred or dear,
And selfishness ruled us from birth to the end, and never a neighbor had we,
And never we gave to another in need, what a dreary old world it would be!
Oh, if we were rich as riches on earth and strong as the strongest that lives,
Yet we knew the delight and the charms of the smile which the other man gives,
If kindness were never a part of ourselves, though we owned all the land we could see,
And friendship meant nothing at all to us here, what a dreary old world it would be!

The wisest men
That e'er you ken
Have never dreamed it treason,
To rest a bit
And jest a bit
And balance up their reason,
To laugh a bit
And joke a bit in season.

—*M. G. Kains.*

ZOOS—MORE HUMANE THAN YOU THINK

RECENTLY an animal lover excitedly told the director of a large zoo that a polar bear had evidently gone mad. The creature was pacing up and down endlessly within a self-imposed limit of five or six feet, apparently too listless even to lift its great paws, which it kept sliding along. But the director only smiled.

"Don't worry," he said. "All polar bears do that from time to time. It's instinct. They think they're on a slippery ice floe and are being careful not to go too near the edge."

The actions of other animals in captivity are often similarly misunderstood. When brown bears, for example, stand for hours just lifting one paw and then the other, they are merely following an age-old custom of padding down the snow. And it's not fleas that make the monkeys scour each other so intently, but a passion for salt which they remove bit by bit from scaly skin, plus an innate vanity for grooming. Actually, few monkeys have parasites.

Don't think that the mere keeping of wild animals in captivity is cruel. The birds you pity in a two-foot cage live much longer than if they were free; and if their cages were larger, they might break their wings. The fox deprived of its freedom to run may make you indignant; but a fox runs primarily to track food and escape danger: when well-fed and at peace, it does not stray from its lair. Elephants like to be chained; otherwise, lacking a feeling of security, they'd trumpet all night in fear. Understanding this, native keepers in India fashion a chain of straw for each of their charges rather than make them pass the night fearing lest their food be stolen and their bed (a source of particular pride) be destroyed by the other elephants.

Of course, in some backward zoos, and in the bear-at-a-filling-station sort of menagerie, animals are sometimes cruelly mistreated. Several states have remedied this situation by laws which forbid the keeping of animals in captivity without official supervision.

But the well-run zoos have high standards of diet, comfort, and cleanliness. The fine animals they have are too expensive to mistreat or neglect. In Chicago the air in the lion house is changed every four minutes. Tropical plants do more than provide attractive settings: they regulate the moisture. Some zoos install electric humidifiers. To keep the penguins cool in hot weather requires 200 pounds of ice a day in their shelter, or electric refrigeration, so that the animals are in a veritable icebox behind a window. And when you see a hippopotamus with a baby, thank the zoo man for having built a large enough bath: the hippo breeds and gives birth under water — for security — while the baby nurses under water, going up for air and down for milk.

Many zoos have a quarantine section where new arrivals are attended by white-coated doctors who wouldn't dream of not washing their hands before going in to the leopard, lest they infect it. These quarantine cages are deliberately small: after a long sea voyage an animal's bones are brittle and it is nervous; in a large cage it might rush the bars and break its neck or legs.

Courtesies to apes and monkeys could fill a book. To insure having strong adults, young chimpanzees in the Chicago zoo get nascent oxygen pumped into their cages to supply the pure air which their delicate lungs need. To make sure they sleep the full 12 hours they are accustomed to in the dark jungle, blinds have been put up outside their sleeping boxes in the zoo at Munich, probably the finest primate house in the world. There each ape has its own blanket, sent to the laundry every week. To check pyorrhea —common in apes—their teeth are brushed daily, while some zoos use concentrated vitamins to combat it. In other zoos sun lamps are used.

Personal attention is essential for apes. Frequently a chimp becomes listless because it is being tyrannized by

the other apes. The leaders are apt to grab the favorite food, like tomatoes, leaving the potatoes to the weaker ones! A tyranny which can be ended only by a keeper's discipline.

Concrete is the bane of every conscientious zoo today. When originally installed, it was thought superior to wood. But it is cold, hard and moisture-retaining: the cats get callouses from it unless you pare their pads frequently. It induces arthritis in foxes and tuberculosis in monkeys. Giraffes are apt to slip on it even though you roughen it. In Philadelphia two fine specimens fell and died of broken pelvis. But to rip out concrete floors and install the sort of silica composition used in Chicago and Washington costs thousands, as do other improvements. In those zoos which have plate glass separating the apes from a coughing public, mortality rates fall phenomenally. But where to get the cash?

Zoos used to be the foible of Indian princes and, later, of European kings; though the first zoo on record, in China about 2000 B. C., was state financed, called the Intelligence Park, and run for scientific study. The modern zoo, however, is rarely endowed, and it is only as the public interest increases that municipalities or states can vote larger budgets. Only a few, like New York and London, have been fortunate enough to receive important private grants.

But even without much money, imagination can still accomplish a lot. More and more, modern zoos are going to endless trouble to evolve swings, bars and trees to amuse the apes. You may have noticed in the elephant run of some zoos a formidable rough-surfaced pillar: it's a back-scratcher! In at least one zoo you'll find another bit of thoughtfulness: running water in the raccoon's cage, because the raccoon habitually likes to wash every bit of its food in a running brook! In the Washington Zoo there's an ingenious device to make the two-toed sloth enjoy its food: a rack from which bananas are suspended, so the sloth can hang head-down, nibbling from the bottom up, instead of having to eat on the ground! Brushwood in the fox's cage costs little, but gives the fox the pleasure of brushing against it and so stimulating his coat to a beautiful sheen. Sometimes they give an animal a pet: a fox terrier is often strangely comforting to an elephant. Sometimes a goat is put in with the rhinoceros. In the 500-acre country zoo of the London Zoological Society, the wolves have two two-acre paddocks of timberland, used alternately. In each paddock is a big platform like a feeding table; it is there because the wolves like to dig under it for mating.

The greatest single advance in zoos is the principle of viewing animals, not behind bars, but across moats. Fifty years ago, when Carl Hagenbeck first envisioned natural habitats for animals and opened his zoo, people gasped with fright as they saw lions emerging from rock caves and heading straight for them. But a 17-foot water ditch separated the lions from the public; and lions will not cross water. It is strange that America has been so slow to adopt this idea which has swept all over Europe. Only in our most modern zoos do you find 60-foot-high monkey mountains, crags for the Barbary sheep, and great sand paddocks for the elephant separated from the public by a narrow ditch hedged by a low row of iron spikes which the elephant will not tread upon.

Lions bred in captivity are actually handsomer and more healthy than those in the jungle. Their size and coat are superior because they get better food; their color is unfaded by the tropical sun, and their mane is more luxuriant because it's not torn by underbrush. And they live to a riper age. It is an odd fact that most animal lovers never think of old age in the jungle. But for wild beasts there is no graceful autumn of life; there is only a ghastly, inescapable disintegration, or death from more alert enemies. It is this senile loss of power—and usually only this—which drives a lion to man-killing. In freedom a lion rarely lives more than 10 years.

In captivity he lives to 25 and 30.

From the great museums of natural history, such as the one in New York, the modern zoos have borrowed the idea of having the three walls of the cage painted to represent the natural habitat —much more effective than just presenting animals in bare cages.

Top-flight zoo men are devoted to making their animals happy for their own sake and dramatic for your sake. They spend endless hours studying the latest dietary discoveries: such matters as a report that shrimps are preferable to cuttlebone in preserving the beautiful rose color of the flamingo. Or you find them up in the middle of the night to make sure the polar bear which has just had a cub—an anxious moment as the cubs often die of pneumonia—is utilizing the straw put into her cage on the odd chance that she would use it to keep the cub warm (and she did!). Or you catch them setting off on a journey halfway around the world to settle some housing problem as whether gorillas thrive outdoors during winter (as Philadelphia believes) or indoors (as London believes).

In Munich there are parrots on stands in front of the elephant pens. Their chattering, heightened by the tropical vegetation, gives a brilliant semblance of the jungle. In Leipzig the polar bears have a diving board of green plate glass: with water slipping over it, it gives a wonderful illusion of ice. In London the penguins are on different levels: now you're looking up at them; now you see them walking around a curve right next to you as they march in a stately trot down the ramp to their swimming pool. In Berlin you see seals swimming not only on the surface, but there's a "lower level" where you see them under water. London does the same trick with polar bears. In Philadelphia the beavers are given a full lake, wherein they can perform their miracles of building.

An idea generally neglected is labels: you usually find just PANTHER, *Felis cericolor;* whereas in Washington, for example, you learn interesting facts about it, such as that it is one of the most untamable animals, etc. Another idea which has proved very popular is to open the zoo certain nights so visitors can see the vampire bats and other wild life that become active only at night.

A puzzling zoo problem is the peculiarly American habit of tormenting the animals. In Washington a taxi driver and his girl friend let dogs into a deer run: three fine animals were torn to pieces. In Philadelphia, stone throwers killed several flamingos. In the few American zoos which have dared to have open-air snake pits, as is common in Europe, the results have been disastrous: brave young men jump into the pit and steal the snakes.

What, the animal lover frequently asks when hearing of such isolated atrocities, is the point of keeping wild animals in captivity at all? Why spend millions of dollars to retain animals which may satisfy nothing more than curiosity? Fortunately, the average man values the zoo—because it is the only glimpse of the jungle he will ever have. Beyond that, he gets from the zoo some realization of the world's past; some contact with nature; some humility that he seems to need and cling to in his present-day mechanized life.

WILSON CHAMBERLAIN (*Condensed from Scientific American*).

CONTENTMENT

Thankful for God's bright sunshine,
For the blue sky overhead;
Thankful for those who love us,
For the kind word often said.

Thankful for rest when weary,
For song when the heart is glad;
Thankful for hope, and courage,
And the happiness I've had.

Thankful for all life's blessings,
So many I ne'er can tell—
Thankful for sweet contentment,
A treasure I would not sell.

—*Gertrude Louise Small.*

The man who lives only for himself is engaged in a very small business.

BRITAIN OWES THE REFUGEES:

There is a corner of the City of London that five years ago was a waste of storerooms and warehouses.

Today it has become the center of the fur trade of the whole world; a trade that brings £2,000,000 into this country every year, that employs hundreds of British travelers, salesmen, clerks, and storekeepers, that provides work for dozens of British ships.

Britain owes this to two waves of refugees; the White Russians, fur buyers, who twenty years ago were offering their wares in their stores along the quays of St. Petersburg; and the German Jewish distributors who five years ago handled the whole trade for Europe and America from their offices in Leipzig.

It is one instance of the way in which refugee victims of Europe's post-war upheavals can repay the intelligent generosity of a country that admits them.

An Austrian Royalist who came here when Hitler marched into Vienna last March has opened showrooms in London where British manufacturers can display their goods for the continental buyer.

Makers of Viennese bead bags, most of them Jewish craftsmen expelled from their own country, have opened workrooms in Belfast where they are employing British labor. . . .

Down in the West Country twenty Czech craftsmen are showing us how to carve the painted wooden toys that are given to children all over the world at Christmas and Easter.

One of Vienna's best-known printing presses for illustrated books has moved to London.

The Berlin manufacture of silk underwear, being largely Jewish, was at first crippled by the Hitler revolution, but last year one or two of the principal manufacturers started their works in London. They have already spent £1,000,000 here.

The timber trade, which creates work for many British ships and sailors, owes a great deal to the experience and business connections of refugee timber merchants from Russia.

They bring their material in British ships from Latvia and Finland.

But perhaps the most welcome newcomers are those refugee industrialists—chemists and technicians, most of them German and Jewish, who have taken their secrets with them to South Wales.

Their new dye works and manufacture of optical glass are being financed from Lord Nuffield's fund for the distressed areas, in the hope that Britain will soon capture Germany's chemical trade through some of the very men who helped to build it. . . .

Every influx has been followed by an amazing expansion and enrichment of British industry. Indeed, it seems the greater the outcry, the greater the benefit; for the loudest screams ever raised greeted the arrival of the Huguenot exiles on our shores in 1686.

As there were 80,000, the misgivings about them were perhaps excusable. Yet within a generation they had been completely absorbed.

By then they had planted the first hops in Kent, taught us to brew beer, weave silk, tan leather, make felt hats, plant gardens, and prepare salads.

In fact, it would be hard to find one British industry that is not enormously indebted to refugees. Refugee Flemings introduced weaving and worsted manufacture in the fifteenth century; refugees from Ghent and Antwerp started the Lancashire cotton industry in the sixteenth; refugee Dutch Protestants in Queen Elizabeth's time taught us baize work, linen draping, and engraving on steel and copper.

Refugee Italian patriots started our musical instrument industry in the eighteenth century, and our system of asphalt paving in the nineteenth. . . .

History knows no instance of a persecution that did not impoverish the persecutors and enrich the people that took their victims in.

—GEORGE EDINGER, *in the London Daily Herald.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DON KEEPS COOL

"DONG, Dong, Dong!" shouted Don, racing across the lawn behind the mower. "Boys, she's a big one this time. Looks like a three-alarm!" Then he ran for the hose. "Two lines here, men," he roared. "It's getting hot! Come on, but keep your heads! Keep cool now!" and he turned the water upon the fire-red hollyhocks that leaned against the garden fence.

Just then Mrs. Fentriss, who lived next door, stopped by the driveway. "Oh, Donald," she called, "will you keep an eye on the house while I run down to the store? Janet and the baby are still asleep. I'll be back soon."

Don mopped his red face. "Sure, I'll watch 'em, Mrs. Fentriss. Don't you worry."

Don's father gave him twenty-five cents every Saturday for caring for the lawn, and Don thought it was the easiest money a boy could earn. Twenty-five cents just for playing a swell game! It was his dream to be a fireman when he grew up, and maybe even Fire Chief, like his grandfather, for whom he was named.

The lawn was finished, the flowers well soaked, and Don turned toward the house. "Gosh!" he said. It looked as if smoke was coming out around the chimney. Don did not hesitate. In the yard on the clothesline hung the laundry, and grabbing two bath towels, he soaked them under the tap by the window. Wrapping one over his mouth and nose, he ran to the kitchen door. As he turned the knob, smoke poured out, and he dropped to his hands and knees, for he knew that the air is better and cooler next to the floor.

Don heard a cough, and Janet crying, "Mother."

He must not frighten her. "Hey, Janet, come and play horsie with Don! Jump on my back, and say 'Giddap'! First put on this mask," and he threw the other towel about her mouth and nose. Janet grabbed his neck and rolled over onto his back, and the two crawled out to open air. Don then dashed into the smoke-filled house again, and threw a blanket around the baby, and ran low down the hall where the flames were eating through the wall.

Soon the firemen arrived and put out the fire.

The next day, when Don came down to breakfast, his mother said, "Don, if you will put on your blue suit, and a white shirt, we'll all go downtown this morning. Daddy isn't going to the office today."

"I'll say I will!" cried Don, eagerly; "there's some newsreels at the Superior of some oil well fires!"

"First we must go to the City Hall," his father announced, "and if we have time, we'll go to the show."

Down in the square was a large crowd including the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and the Fire Chief. They put Don on a platform and everyone shook hands with him. Then the Mayor spoke: "I'm glad to know that our city has boys as brave and cool-headed as you, and in appreciation of your rescue of two children from a burning house, I present to you, on behalf of the city of Darien, this gold fireman's badge, and inform you that you are an honorary member of fire company No. 1."

"And I," added the Fire Chief, laying a hand on Donald's shoulder, "wonder if you could tell the people what the first duty of a fireman is."

Don glanced down at the shining gold shield, and then at the Fire Chief. "A fireman's first duty," he said in a loud and clear voice, "is to *keep cool!*"

There was great cheering at Don's clever answer. Just then a photographer moved forward and snapped a picture of Don polishing his badge with his sleeve.

—Adapted from Safety Education, by Sunshine Magazine.

Right attitude and right actions right most things, including life itself.

DISCOVERY OF A DIPPER'S NEST

By MARGARET S. BRIDGE

PEG and Aunt Ruth, dressed in stout hiking boots and knickers, picked their way over rocks and through willows, aspen and box-elder shrubs along the bank of the tumbling mountain stream.

Nothing ever gave Peg more delight than these trips in the open, for Aunt Ruth seemed to know almost everything that a keen-minded, sharp-eyed girl wanted to learn.

"Look, Aunt Ruth," she directed, pointing to a bluish-gray, stub-tailed bird on a girder of the bridge just ahead of them. "What is it?"

"That's a water-ouzel, or dipper. Although he hasn't webbed feet like other water-birds, he can dip down under the water and swim by paddling his wings. And he isn't half as much afraid of cold water as most people are."

"Look, he has a worm in his bill. Do you suppose his nest is near?"

"More than likely. Let's stand quietly and watch where he flies."

A moment later they saw the dipper dart down to the water's edge just around a slight curve where a big rock, covered with earth, hung out over the stream. He disappeared for a short time and when they saw him next he was standing on a stone, peering down into the water. Then in a flash he had dipped into the icy water to come up again after he had discovered another choice morsel for his babies.

"Come on, let's hunt for his nest," suggested Peg, taking Aunt Ruth by the arm.

First they looked where they had seen the dipper alight after it flew from the bridge, but not a sign of a nest could they discover.

"It can't be far," said Aunt Ruth, "but it will pay us to go back in the trees and watch."

Just then Peg let out an exclamation of delight—"Oh look," she pointed, "he's been walking here in the clay—and the nest must be near, for I hear the baby birds."

"Good ears! Yes, here it is, but we mustn't stay long," she added after they had examined the bulky moss structure, with its four open-mouthed occupants, "for we'll frighten the parent birds."

"Wasn't it cute though, the way it opened on the side?"

"Do you think you will ever forget the dipper and his nest?" asked Aunt Ruth.

"I guess not."

"I wish we could hear one sing, for the song, too, is unforgettable."

—Courtesy of the Beacon.

A PARTY FOR MY CATS

I gave a party for my cats,
  My, didn't they look sweet!
They had the prettiest ribbon bows
  All tied so fresh and neat.

They all had balls and spools to roll,
  And then they jumped through rings.
They played till they were tired out
  And did the cutest things.

And when it came refreshment time
  I chose what they should eat.
I said I knew what they liked best,
  And catnip was the treat.

Well, if you'd seen those cats behave!
  We laughed until we cried.
They rolled and tumbled o'er and o'er,
  Their bows all came untied.

And all the neighbors' cats came in
  And brought a lot of cousins.
The yard seemed full of rolling cats,
  I know that there were dozens.

I can't begin to tell the pranks
  The catnip made them play.
Just strew some catnip on the ground
  And watch the cats some day.

—Helen A. Sibley.

After the service on Sunday morning the pastor shook hands with the stranger, a young foreigner.

"And are you a regular communicant?" asked the preacher.

"Oh, yes," said the newcomer, "I take the 7:45 every morning!"

A SUNNY STORY

By BEULAH ROSE STEPHENS

THE Sun looked down from the sky one day and smiled at the Earth, as she rolled away, turning and turning without stop or stay, bringing the night and then the day.

He smiled to himself up there in the sky and said: "How queer they should think it I who brings the morning with rosy dawning and then the night with the stars so bright. It is you, Sister Earth, with your solid worth, that makes the day and the glowing noon, and then brings rest with the night and the moon.

"I only stare with unwinking eye from my station here in the endless sky, while you never rest, but from East to West you gently roll your sea and land and spill not so much as a grain of sand."

"Ah, yes, dear Lord," the Earth spake out. "I roll and turn without any doubt: but oh, how cold and bare my lands would be were you not there. You send your beams and your growing gleams to the tiniest seed in my spreading fields. You warm the wheat and the corn we eat till glorious harvest each one yields. My rolling and turning would be for naught if your blessed heat were not thus brought to every nook, and field and stream. So thank you, Sun, for your gracious beam."

Then the Sun and Earth, the Moon and Stars — Neptune, Venus and ruddy Mars—all joined in a song of joy together that brought the loveliest kind of weather. And I thought as I dreamed this queer little tale, that all of us mortals should not fail to do our part like the Earth and Sun—our own little part, yes, every one.

—*The Beacon.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.
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Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine, also letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

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